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WEDNESDAR, OCTOBER 12, 1910.

"FORCED."

The Colonel is pleading not guilty to the charge that he went back on his Western record on the tariff question at the convention in Saratoga. He says now that he stands exactly where he has always stood; that the tariff declaration made by his convention at Saratoga was not what he wanted, but that he couldn't help himself; that he was forced to accept it.

Somebody is not telling the truth. Harold J. Howland, the Staff Correspondent of the Outlook, of which the Colonel is Contributing Editor, says "the convention at Saratoga was dominated by Theodore Roosevelt because a majority of the party in the State had chosen to follow his leadership." Either the Staff Correspondent or the Contributing Editor has not told the truth. The convention was as putty in the Colonel's hands. Where he led, it followed. What he told it to do, it did. Mr. Howland says: "He controlled the convention's action only because the majority of the delegates saw him pointing out the road which they believed it wise and right to follow, not because he was forcing them along the road he wanted to travel, whether they did or not." This is not taken from the New York World, or the Sun, or any one of the Wall Street organs, but from the Fourth Avenue Outlook, in a familiar talk by one of its most trusted writers with members of the great Humbug family of which it is the especially anointed official organ.

The people out West are beginning to smell a mouse and are shying just a little from the path into which the Colonel has been leading them.

ACORN TO OAK.

Day in and day out we have been seeing the motto "Acorn to Oak, Watch Roanoke" perched over the main head of the Roanoke World. After continuous vigilance of this nature, there came last night the result of the watching, for the wires flashed the news that Roanoke had grown from 21,495 in 1900 to 34,874 by this last census, a gain of 62.2 per cent. All Virginians will delight in this remarkable growth and felicitate Roanoke on its progressiveness and unusually fine showing. "The acorn" is fast towering into the stately "oak," the foliage of which shall give greater and even pleasanter shelter in the years of further expansion that lie before it. Reversing the congratulatory phrase of the World to Richmond a few days ago, we say "Richmond to Roanoke: Here's to you—may your prosperity continue."

CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS.

"A new American institution," in its formative state, is what George W. Knerr, special field agent of the National Bureau of Statistics, calls the consolidated rural school. He has been investigating the matter very thoroughly.

For more than twenty-five years the consolidated or union or centralized school has been gradually taking the place of the old-fashioned country school district, with its buildings of one room, poor ventilation, worse heating, and generally crude and inadequate equipment. Consolidation is now a part of the public school policy of thirty-two States. In Indiana, Ohio, North Dakota and Massachusetts it has made its largest progress. Massachusetts, for example, spends $330,000 annually in the free conveyance of pupils to school and home again.

It should be explained for the benefit of those who are not keeping abreast with modern educational methods that the consolidated school is that which is composed of the schools of several districts, all thrown into one school, fairly equidistant from each district. By such combination, a better and larger building is secured, more conveniences are afforded, more grades are taught, the instruction is better, and the school system in each community more thoroughly organized. In order not to incommode pupils living at some distance from the school, they are brought to and from the school in comfortable and capacious conveyances. In this way the problem of distance is solved.

Why does Mr. Knerr declare that the consolidated school wields an influence as a great democratic institution? Because it brings together children from scattered districts. They "mingle, compete, strive, make friendships, and learn how to work together." Still, they have the shelter of their homes, and that is a powerful co-operative influence in the making of good citizens. Class distinctions, unconsciously encouraged by the district school system, are broken down. The consolidated school costs less than the old school of one room. It affords a better training. It permits the people of our rural districts to give their boys and their girls more education than used to be the case.

If it be true that "the industrial efficiency of a nation depends largely upon how long its children remain in school," then how valuable and how significant is the addition of from two to four years to the school life of millions of country children? The consolidated school is a great and live factor in the country life problem. It promises to be the real centre of community activity, and it is the most potential element in all our State educational system.

WHY DIDN'T HOXEY DROP HIM?

Aviator Hoxey missed the opportunity of his life yesterday when he didn't drop him when he had him up in the air. But Hoxey knew that it would have been no use, as he would probably have lit on his feet. That would have been his luck.

Can't ride; yet his horses never throw him. Can't shoot; yet he has killed more things than anybody else. Never fought a battle; yet he was elected to office because of a battle in which he did not take part. Never "cinched a crook"; yet he has scared them all into "coughing up" liberally whenever the hat was passed around. Never made a mistake without having somebody upon whom to place the blame. Refused to be shelved as Vice-President, but found it the open door to the Presidency. Wouldn't eat dinner with Lorimer, but is friendly with Cox. Told all sorts of stories about the representative men of the South, but is everywhere greeted with crazy demonstrations in the South. Frequently has a bad throat, but it always get well enough for him to speak. Never went up in the air before, and then "landed safely." Would like to stay up an hour, if he only had the time; but must go on to the next stand.

It is a most remarkable thing that something doesn't happen to him; but it doesn't. Who stacked the cards? Ain't the luck ever to change? What is the combination that he works?

MAKING THINGS HUM IN JERSEY.

Woodrow Wilson has been saying things in his campaign speeches in New Jersey that stick, and the Republicans have taken to the woods. Griggs, formerly Governor of the State, tried to "get funny" the other day, and said that Dr. Wilson had never offered to serve New Jersey until he was nominated for a political office. "Well," said the President of Princeton, "he was elected to a political office and never served New Jersey, and as between the two cases I think mine the better." That was quite enough of a dose to settle Griggs, who will probably not care to measure wits again with the scholar in politics. Then Dr. Wilson has said some other things that will find their way into the speech of the people before the campaign is over and always to his advantage, for example:

"Direct primaries in New Jersey in their present form are amateur elections, in nature to private theatricals given by anybody who wants to get them up."

"I have no objection to the ordinary automobile properly handled by a man of conscience, who is also a gentleman (this about the corporations that have been engaged in joy-riding at the expense of the people).

"The Democratic platform neither points with pride nor views with alarm, instead it points with a purpose."

"An optimist is a man who makes lemonade out of all the lemons handed him."

"Standing pat nowadays means having no opinion of your own."

"Trade does not rise and fall with the tariff, but the bank accounts of some few men do."

What sort of a candidate is this who does not talk in riddles, but in the language of the plain people, so that a wayfaring man, though a Republican, can understand what he means by what he says, who does not talk about himself to the exclusion of every other important subject in which the people might by some possibility have some interest, who does not dissemble, who simply explains the issues and leaves their settlement to the people? The people understand and New Jersey may be set down in the Democratic column this year, and Woodrow Wilson is getting to look more and more like President of the United States every day.

RALLY TO SAUNDERS.

The New York Herald has just published a forecast of the congressional elections next month. The advices which it has received cause it to allot at least one Republican representative to Virginia. While we do not hold the view that such will be the outcome here, we do believe that there should be no relaxation in Democratic efforts in the Fifth and Ninth Districts until the election is over. Weak as are its issues, weaker still as are its candidates, the Republican party is making a strong fight in these districts, and no stone must be left unturned in building the way to Democratic victory.

The efforts which are being made in the Ninth District in behalf of Henry Stuart lead us to believe that if these efforts are unabated until November 8 he will be seated in the National Legislature by a majority that will give added hope and encouragement to Democrats all over the country.

While the campaign in the Ninth should not abate one jot, it appears to us that more attention and more effort ought to be concentrated on the Fifth District, where the race is three-cornered, with Judge E. W. Saunders as the Democratic standard-bearer pitted against John M. Parsons, the candidate of the Republican reactionaries, and John B. Anglin, the "progressive" Republican nominee.

The Democrats of the Fifth must be aroused to the fact that only hard work and continuous effort can achieve the election of Judge Saunders. He ought to win, but he will not win if the Democrats of his district are in the least measure apathetic or idle. The split in the Republican party may give much strength to Saunders, but it will not give him enough votes to elect. There should be a powerful Democratic organization behind Judge Saunders, fighting every inch of the ground, and bringing out persistently the strong issues for which he stands.

The State Democratic Committee ought to see to it that strong speakers, and enough of them, are sent down into the Fifth to help Judge Saunders. No one ought to be taken out of the battle in the Ninth, but from now on the State Committee should wage as vigorous a campaign as is possible for the nominee in the Fifth.

MADE BY TOM PLATT.

Tom Platt's autobiography has been published in book form. It tells the story of the men he made and the men he unmade. It is a moving account of the influence of one of the worst men in the nation upon the politics of New York. Some of the things he did are recorded as follows:

"I helped nominate Harrison. I carried New York for him.

"I nominated Levi P. Morton, and he was, in my judgment, the safest Governor New York ever had.

"I permitted Elihu Root to become Secretary of War under President McKinley.

"I nominated and elected Odell Governor.

"I inserted the gold plank in the St. Louis platform, the greatest achievement of my career.

"I selected Roosevelt for Governor. At the crucial moment I prevented his withdrawal as a candidate.

"Roosevelt made it known that he would be a candidate for renomination. I determined that he should be a candidate for Vice-President."

Always "cinched the crooks," did he? Wouldn't eat with Lorimer; but fellowshipped with Platt. Believes in the Old Moralities; but got his start from the Boss Political Crook of the ages! Once more, O shucks!

NOTHING LIKE IT SINCE TWEED.

The World thinks that Horace White will gain historical distinction by being the last Republican Governor of New York under the Platt-Odell-Roosevelt regime, and then it indulges in this brief review of what has happened while this trinity of choice spirits have been in control:

And what a reign of corruption these last fifteen years have produced!—life insurance graft, fire insurance graft, Metropolitan Traction graft, street railway graft, canal graft, Furnaceville graft, beet-sugar graft, bridge graft, Adirondack graft, Wall Street graft. There has been nothing like it since Tweed's day. Is there anything in New York upon which the Grand Old Party has not levied and collected tribute?

The World seems to forget, however, that all this occurred before it was found that the Old Moralities could be applied to the new conditions. It was just as much of a sin to steal fifteen years ago, and to strike the thieves for a rake-off on their swag for political purposes as it is to-day; but all this grafting was done, it must be remembered, before the Old Moralities were rediscovered, and now things are going to be better—the people are going to elect Dix. Such a result will put enough ginger in the Old Moralities to take New York safely through the Presidential election in 1912.

MAKING 'EM LOOK LIKE MUMMIES.

The latest thing in woman's dress has been sprung at the third National Style Show, now in progress under the auspices of the Ladies' Tailors' Association at the Hotel Astor, in New York. It is called the Spool Gown, and is regarded as the most attractive of the numerous remarkable confections at the Show. It consists mainly of a belt, a long strip of silk which is wound about the figure after the frock is put on. It doesn't matter so much about the frock, if there be enough silk in the belt to complete the winding.

From the descriptions of the thing, the suggestion probably came from the mummies of the better class, all of which appear to have been wrapped up in very much the same way, and we suppose it would be only fair to speak of this new creation as the cerements of the old girls that ought to be dead, and of the long-suffering and terribly overworked men who will have to wind them up, an operation which, it is said, will take up at least twenty minutes that might be spent at the club or in the discussion of the leading political questions of the day.

If some inventive person would now discover a sort of time-lock or combination fastener, the prudent men would welcome the Spool Gown; for, having once wound up his wife, he would know by such a device exactly how long he could stay out and so escape discovery upon his return home. Having wound her up tight enough and taken the key with him he would be spared many an anxious moment. It is needless to say that the design is wholly American, and it is to be admired for the uses to which it can be adapted, even if nothing can be said for it from an artistic point of view.

A BOSTON VIEW OF JOHN BROWN.

Boston is supposed to be the bulwark of fanatical devotion to the memory of all abolitionists. Its public places are filled with memorials to those who took part in the long warfare on slavery. It was in Boston that Lovejoy and Phillips proclaimed their anti-slavery teachings; but it seems that blind worship of John Brown is passing out there.

The Boston Globe holds a different view from that of Mr. Roosevelt on the subject of John Brown. It says:

Victor Hugo and Wendell Phillips bestowed ornate wreaths upon his brow. Biographers have praised him effusively. A war song kept his name alive during the Civil War, and on its rhythmical feet his soul is still marching on.

Man is so habituated to hero worship that if he has no hero at hand he will invent one. So apt are we to worship human beings that only Time, the unerring critic, can prevent us from glorifying some of the worst persons that ever lived.

Time, it would seem, does not favor the man of Osawatomie. Despite the verse of Whittier, the rhapsodies of Phillips, and the rhetorical incense of Hugo, John Brown's memory does not grow more lustrous day by day. In a land which reveres the name of Abraham Lincoln, the place of Brown must necessarily be a small one.

Both of these men could not be the heroes of the period in which they lived. Two more unlike characters never lived. If Lincoln is an American ideal, Brown is not.

While this Northern view of the fanatic who was justly hanged at Harper's Ferry, in due process of law, does not regard Brown as a character of such historical insignificance as we of the South regard him, it is evidence that in New England the truth of history is slowly making its way. The time will come when in the schools of Boston they will teach that Brown was not a cause, but merely an incident of the abolition of American slavery. He was a poor, crazed fanatic, whose deeds were scarcely less wild and fruitless than his ideas—he was the deluded dreamer of an impossible empire.

The overstatements of prejudiced historians of any section cannot endure. Truth will prevail in the end, and mankind revises its estimates when the fires of passion have died down. The survivors of the abolitionist school of thought in New England have lived to see the day when their theories have been proved impractical, and the day will yet come when in the vast hall which Harvard has erected to the memory of her heroes of the War Between the States there will be inscribed the names of her sons who went down in war's red wrath wearing the gray, in which Truth, as they saw her, bade them array themselves.

THE EFFECT OF GOOD ROADS ON POPULATION.

The Kansas City Star has been studying the census figures for Missouri and has come to the conclusion that the falling off in population in nine counties of Missouri was because these counties have failed to improve their roads. That there is a great deal of truth in this view there can be no doubt.

Nine counties in Missouri have 1,708 miles of good roads. Their population in ten years shows an increase of 39,667. Four other counties have also gone forward in roadmaking. They have not yet constructed 100 miles of improved roads each, but they have enough to show that they are going right after this great reform. These four counties have gained 19,166 in population in the last ten years.

The county without good roads in a progressive age like this is not as likely to grow in population as the county which has good roads. Good roads directly affect the question of population. Good roads mean more population. The counties that have no interest in good roads probably have taken no interest in better schools, better methods of farm work, better comforts and conveniences of life. They have, therefore, not attracted people. Bad roads, ill-appearing farms, ill-paid teachers—these repel prospective settlers. From ugly farms, where progress is not in sight, the boys make haste to get away to the cities.

Everywhere people are looking upon good roads as the best advertisement for a county. Better highways indicate a well-to-do people, a people who believe in building up the neighborhood, who have community spirit, who are willing to join in and help out for the common good. Good roads indicate the presence nearby of people who believe in having comforts and conveniences and all possible advantages in the way of education and culture.

Good roads have affected population in the past, and in a swiftly moving period like this it cannot be long until every county and every community without good roads will be shunned by those who are about to make homes for themselves or who are looking for a new home.

Good roads pay.

THE ORGANIZATION OR THE PEOPLE?

The Culpeper Enterprise is against the four proposed amendments to the Constitution. Hear what it said last week:

The treasurers and commissioners of revenue have formed an association and are hard at work in behalf of the proposed amendments. They have sent out throughout the State circulars urging the voter to cast his ballot in favor of the amendments. The amendments are all in the interest of officeholders and against the interests of the people. Don't fail to vote against the amendments.

Vote for the rejection of the amendments, one and all, and remember that not to vote thereon is practically to vote for their adoption. For, if only three ballots were to be cast in the State for ratification, and one against, the changes would be written into the Constitution.

Vote against all of them. That is the point on which we hope our contemporaries will keep hammering. The only way to defeat any one of these propositions is to vote them all down.

The Exponent is right when it says that these changes are proposed in behalf of the private interest of a few officeholders rather than for the public interest. Let us grant no special privileges to these officeholders, who have combined against the people in order to try to make these changes.

A vote against the proposed amendments is a vote for good government. This is an hour in the history of the Commonwealth of Virginia when the evil effects of machines and combinations and political trusts are being shown in glaring light.

This is a time when the people are speaking out against the domination of our offices by organizations, when combinations to do politically what one man cannot do are being condemned on the right and the left. There is no real distinction between the boss who tries to control the votes in an election by organization and the officeholders' trust, which by organization is trying to control both votes and offices.

This is a time when the people of Virginia will not allow any man or any set of men, especially in organized form, to defeat the will of the people by an unjust and undemocratic organization of the men working for their own selfish ends and to the harm of the people of this Commonwealth.

DRAWING THE LINES ON THE STAGE.

The Rev. Herbert A. Jump, of New Britain, Connecticut, has published a letter expressing his satisfaction that the Lyceum in that town has arranged to offer its people two such attractions as Maud Adams and the "Man of the Hour." He is pleased that the former bitter opposition among the Christians of New Britain to the theatre, when the theatre is clean, is passing away and that there is a disposition among them to patronize plays of the better sort. This is a wholly excellent position for him to take; but the trouble about the stage is that so many plays of an erotic sort have been forced in recent years that the public has lost much of its taste for drama of the higher class. One of the mistakes that good people have made is that they have not distinguished between the good and the bad, but have condemned the stage generally, not with the result of improving the stage, but rather of degrading it.

There are hundreds of plays that could be seen by the most righteous without injury to any of their garments; such plays, for example, as "The Man From Home," "The Gentleman From Mississippi," "The House Next Door," "The Old Homestead" and others of the same general character. Joseph Jefferson preached as powerfully in "Rip Van Winkle" as any minister. Booth and Barrett and Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and Charlotte Cushman did no man or woman any harm by their work on the stage, and thousands of persons have traveled to Oberammergau this summer to witness the Passion Play. Instead of damning the stage generally, the ministers might well follow the example of the Rev. Mr. Jump by encouraging the production of such plays and such actors as he has commended.

The Amherst Progress lately contained an editorial expression against the proposed amendments to the Constitution of Virginia, and we mentioned the fact that Senator Aubrey E. Strode was an editor of the paper. He disclaims authorship of the article, stating that he is only part owner and editor of the paper.

The Colonel has presented to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University, in memory of his recent stay in Berlin, a "richly ornamented porcelain vase from the Koniglich Preussische Porzellan-Manufaktur, showing views of the Royal Castle at Berlin and the Marble Palace at Potsdam." That is the description given in the official announcement, but we strongly suspect that it was a beer stein.

The North Emporia Independent says:

Many old 'possum hunters say that the present fall will be a good one for their favorite bag. That when a full crop of persimmons and muscadines are seen that the Virginia Marsupial is going to be on the job, to get his. The past week the woods have sounded with the bay of "Rattler," "Bruno" and "Joe" eager to put the "black Jack" up a tree. Several successful hunts are reported.

This makes us want to "take to the woods," sure enough.

The Manassas Journal says:

"Automobile racing seems to be quite as dangerous as old-time dueling."

Yes, it seems to be largely a matter of "seconds."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written an article entitled "Burn Old Love Letters." Better still; don't write love letters. Talk it out; put nothing on paper; remember Harry Thurston Peck, the late Professor of Latin in the Columbia University.

"My departure must in no way be taken as an act of abdication." That is the message Manuel sent to the Prime Minister of Portugal on leaving the other day. It wasn't necessary for him to abdicate; the Revolutionists saved him the trouble. Brave men all over the world, however, would think far more of Manuel had he stayed in Portugal and fought for his crown, instead of running away at the first shot, and that, too, when it was not aimed at him specially. All the world loves a fighter. If Dietz, of Minnesota, had only had Manuel's chances there would be no Portuguese Republic.

"Spend as much time as possible in the fresh, crisp air," is the advice given to the people of Houston by the Post of that town. We join in this invitation to the Texans to visit Richmond, as this is the only place in the country where there is really fresh, crisp air.

When he was in Charleston the other day, Governor Blease failed to announce his position on the threatened removal of the sacred stone steps at the Battery. He is opposed to the injunction process because it is extra-legal, but he would probably be willing to resort to it in this case.

Champ Clark filled the Christian pulpit at Mexico, Missouri, on Sunday, and preached a very inspiring and comforting discourse on the subject, "The World Is Getting Bigger." He did not think that it is getting worse, and he was entirely right in both propositions—everything points to an overwhelming Democratic victory next month. But we hope Brother Clark will not insist on driving that team of mules down Pennsylvania Avenue when he is elected Speaker.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Custom of Lifting the Hat.

Please tell me the origin of lifting the hat in salutation.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor. It became a custom, however, for a knight, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet, signifying, "I am safe in the presence of friends." The age of chivalry passed away with the fifteenth century; but among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced to its influence, none is more direct in its origin than that of lifting the hat to acknowledge the presence of a friend.

"A Roland for an Oliver."

What is the origin of the expression, "A Roland for an Oliver?" E. A.

Roland and Oliver were the most famous of the twelve paladins of Charlemagne. Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, is the hero of Ariosto's epic poem called "Orlando Furioso," Orlando being the Italian form of the name. He is there represented as being eight feet high, and well proportioned.

Oliver was also a knight celebrated for his exploits, and was so nearly a match for Roland that they finally engaged in single combat on an island in the Rhine. They fought for five successive days without either gaining the advantage; so that the expression, "A Roland for an Oliver," means a blow for a blow, as retort for a retort, or a "Quid pro quo."

Concrete.

Please give some information about concrete, its cost, etc.

We have no information as to this, but perhaps some reader will supply us with information for you about this.

Twenty-Dollar Gold Pieces.

Kindly advise whether or not the twenty-dollar gold pieces for 1907, with milled edge, have been discontinued. Is there a premium on same, and how much?

The coinage of the twenty-dollar gold pieces for 1907 was discontinued when the new design was adopted, as no two designs are coined at the same time. For information regarding premium on such coins you would have to consult a coin dealer, as we never answer questions of that character in the Query Column, as you will notice at the head of this column.

DISRAELI'S LETTERS READY FOR PUBLIC

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

"LORD BEACONSFIELD'S Life and Letters," based upon and comprising the diaries and correspondence bequeathed at his death of his faithful and devoted private secretary, the late Lord Rowton, are at length about to see the light of day; and the first volume of this work will appear during the course of the present month in London, published by the house of Murray, with which Beaconsfield, as Benjamin Disraeli, was so closely identified from his first debut in journalism and literature, more than ten years before the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne. When Lord Beaconsfield died childless, he left, for the sake of the family name, his country seat, Hughenden Manor, to his nephew, Coningsby Disraeli, whom he scarcely knew. But all his most cherished belongings, and all his papers and correspondence, went to his private secretary, Montague Corry, who had been raised to the upper house as Lord Rowton.

Lord Beaconsfield in his will directed Lord Rowton, in dealing with his correspondence and diaries, "to scrupulously respect every confidence reposed in me, and to allow nothing to be published calculated to do injury to the public service, or to inflict needless pain on the living or on the families of the dead, and that no portion of my correspondence with Her Majesty Queen Victoria shall be published or made known until the said Lord Rowton shall have ascertained that no objections were entertained to such use of the correspondence on the part of Her Majesty during her life, or on the part of her heirs after her death. It is generally understood that on the strength of this clause of the will, Lord Rowton, who was afterwards one of the executors of Queen Victoria's will, and administrator of her private fortune, refrained during her lifetime from publishing any of the correspondence of his chief, and submitted to her every letter which she had ever written to the latter. The greater portion of these she retained, and they are now preserved, with other papers of the same kind, in the royal library at Windsor Castle, among the family archives of the reigning house. The rest she returned to Lord Rowton, with the intimation that she saw no objection to their publication, but not until after her death. Lord Rowton thereupon turned over the entire remaining letters and diaries for safe keeping to the Rothschilds, until the time came for their use. Coningsby Disraeli protested against this, and repeatedly put forward demands that his uncle's papers should be published in full, and on one occasion actually threatened to invoke the law against Lord Rowton unless his requests were complied with, especially in connection with the production of the correspondence between Beaconsfield and Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, the eccentric old lady who befriended the statesman in a variety of ways during her lifetime, and who bequeathed to him a considerable amount of money at her death.

Of course Beaconsfield's intimate friends, the Rothschilds, and also the reigning house, resented this attitude on the part of Coningsby Disraeli, and ascribed it rather to a determination to advertise himself than any feeling of devotion to the memory of his uncle, to whom he was almost a stranger. Much of the animosity manifested by Coningsby Disraeli in this connection was undoubtedly due also to the tendency of the reigning family, and of the public at large, to regard Lord Rowton, rather than himself, as the real heir of Lord Beaconsfield, and to the refusal of the crown and of the famous statesman's most intimate friends to take any steps to revive in his favor the Beaconsfield peerage.

When Lord Rowton died, after spending the closing years of his life in administering Queen Victoria's private affairs and in organizing and endowing the so-called "Rowton Houses" (which are the London equivalent of the Mills Hotels in New York and San Francisco, established by the late D. O. Mills), he confided the task of editing and publishing Lord Beaconsfield's "Life and Correspondence" to William F. Monypenny, one of the directors of the London Times, who as a member of the staff of that paper, had played an important role in the South African War, not only as a journalist, but also as a soldier in the field. To him, in compliance with Lord Rowton's instructions, the Rothschilds turned over all that remained of Lord Beaconsfield's diaries and correspondence, after everything to which the reigning family could have possibly taken exception had been carefully eliminated by Queen Victoria and by Lord Rowton. There is every reason to believe, too, that much, if not all, the material was submitted to King Edward; and under the circumstances it may safely be taken for granted that there will be no scandals of any sort revealed in the forthcoming "Life and Correspondence of Lord Beaconsfield," although the latter was noted for his sarcastic tongue, for his vitriolic pen, and for his cynical comments on the frailties, the foibles and the shortcomings of one kind and another of his contemporaries, embracing a period of nearly sixty years.

The first volume deals with the ancestry of Lord Beaconsfield, his studies of law as Benjamin Disraeli, and his travels, his ventures in finance and journalism, his association with the great publishing house of Murray, in behalf of which firm he visited Abbotsford to negotiate certain matters with Sir Walter Scott. There are letters from the latter, from the great Sir Robert Peel, from Lord Lyndhurst, and from many of the other great statesmen of the closing years of the reign of George IV., of the reign of William IV., and of the first three years following the accession of Queen Victoria. In fact, the work, which is to consist of five volumes in all, will constitute a notable contribution to the history of the nineteenth century; not, however, so important as would have been the case had not Lord Rowton, Queen Victoria and King Edward eliminated from the material confided to William F. Monypenny much that would have shed still further light upon the people and events of the times of the great Tory statesman.

I may mention that Lord Rowton, whom I know well, always insisted that there was no truth in the popular belief that his chief, Lord Beaconsfield, was imbued with an Oriental taste for gaudy attire, brilliant coloring, and above all for jewelry of every description; at any rate during the last fifty years of his life. He asserted that at the time of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the latter did not possess a solitary piece of jewelry, not even a watch, and added the interesting fact that throughout the several decades that he had spent with the earl as his private secretary, he had never known him to have an umbrella.

The association of the Murrays, of the London Times, through one of its directors and editors, William Monypenny, and Lord Beaconsfield, in connection with the publication of the latter's diaries and letters, cannot fail to revive memories of the bitter feud that existed for nearly 100 years between the Murrays and the London Times, and which led some years ago to a libel suit between the late Arthur Walter, fourth of his dynasty to preside over the destinies of the Times, and John Murray, fourth of the Murray publishing house dynasty. In 1825 it took the form of the starting by the John Murray of the day of a daily London newspaper, entitled "The Representative," for the express purpose of "pulling down the Times." This was done at the instance of young Benjamin Disraeli, then at the outset of his career, and but twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and it was he who was placed in charge of the paper by Murray. Its existence was ephemeral. It lived exactly six months, and then John Murray closed his purse-strings, a sadder and wiser man, while Benjamin Disraeli, to whose lack of knowledge of popular sentiment and want of business experience the failure of the paper was largely due, gave his story of the affair in his novel "Vivian Grey," of which of course he is the hero.

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